

# NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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## THE SALVATION OF THE WORLD.

A Sermon,

BY L. L. SADLER.

And thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins. Matt. i, 21.

These words purport to have been spoken by the heavenly seraph unto the Virgin Mary, who was commissioned by the Almighty to announce to her, the birth of a Son, who should prove to be the long expected and promised Messiah—the KING of kings and LORD of lords. In making proclamation of his appearance—of the name by which he should be known and distinguished, and the reason for the appellation given; he sets forth in a lively and impressive manner the purposes of his divine mission, and the happy results attending the consummation of his mediatorial reign—an economy of benevolence transcending the highest conceptions of the human mind, and embracing the unmixed felicity of the vast intelligent creation of God. No wonder that a system of divine grace thus noble in its design, and glorious in its result, should occasion a legate of the skies to leave the celestial courts of the paradise of God, to make proclamation of the glad some news to the sons of earth, of the scheme of salvation devised in the counsels of Heaven's Cabinet, for the everlasting joy of the world—nor that a host of minstrels from the skies should follow in train, to chant in the ears of the wondering and interested spectator, the memorable anthem of 'peace on earth and good will to men.' For this institution of *love and grace*, fraught with the happiest consequences to the human race, contains messages of peace that will eventually prove to be a communication of 'glad tidings unto all people.' and serve for a theme for angels and the just men made perfect in heaven, to hymn in holy wonder forever and ever.

This declaration of the angel of God is in perfect unison with all the promises of Jehovah, which relate to Christ the anointed seed, and compatible with the predictions of all his holy prophets, inspired to teach mankind the principles of his moral administration. For by the one an assurance has been given, that God would 'justify the heathen through (the covenant) faith, gather together the dispersed of Israel, and bless all families, nations, and kindred of the earth in Christ, by turning them away from their iniquities.' And by the other, 'the restitution of all things' has been spoken of, 'ever since the world began.' And being thus confirmed, it must be divinely true. Shall not all the people say, Amen?

While reflecting on the positive and unequivocal language, employed by the celestial messenger in the declaration before us, the mind is involuntarily led to reflect on that popular sen-

timent, which recognizes Jesus Christ as only the *proffered* Savior of ALL, and the *absolute* Savior of a few. This doctrine affirms, that Jesus is disposed to save ALL, and is not willing that *any* should perish—that he has tasted death for all the sons and daughters of Adam, that they might obtain repentance and pardon and live forever—that he has opened a door of salvation unto the whole world, through which *all* may enter to the possession of immortal joys—and that accordingly *all* are invited to enter in to rest, and participate of the blessings of the redemption obtained. Nevertheless, as the result depends on conditions, which may, or may not be complied with, salvation is sure to none.

As this scheme leaves every thing to *chance*, and makes nothing certain; it would seem, that if the *angel* had recognized such a sentiment, he would have directed Mary to call the child, JESUS, because he would *offer* salvation to his people. But not having so learned the principles of the divine government; and knowing that the covenant of grace was 'ordered in all things and sure,' he used positive and unequivocal language, asserting that 'his name should be called Jesus, for he *should* save his people from their sins.' Indeed, if it were not a fact that he would certainly save his people, there would have been no propriety in calling him JESUS (SAVIOR); for it requires no great discernment to perceive, that if he were denominated a *Savior*, when he did not save his people, then the appellation is erroneously given. As well might God be called FATHER, without having children, as for Jesus to be called *Savior*, without securing *salvation* to his people. With no propriety could Joseph have been considered the savior of his father's family, unless by him they had been saved; neither could the Son of God be considered the Savior of the world, unless the world by him is saved. Hence the angelic message is positive and unambiguous; 'thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he *shall* save his people from their sins.'

When, in proof of the final holiness and happiness of the human family, the passage of scripture is introduced, 'God will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth,' the argument deduced therefrom is usually met by some such subterfuge as the following. 'True, God *will* the salvation of all men. He is not willing any should be lost. He *would* have them obtain repentance and live. He *would* have them turn unto the Lord and worship him in holiness, spirit, and truth; and to this end has sent his Son into the world to adopt means whereby they *might* be saved. But this is no certainty that all will be blessed with salvation. For some may despise the riches of his mercy—"do despite unto the spirit of his grace," and heap to themselves "wrath against the day of wrath and the righteous judgment of God;" and thus come short of the inherited blessing in Christ.' By such species of caviling, the positive declarations of Scripture are perverted; and the express determinations of the Almighty are converted into a mere *passivity* or *neutral indifference*. The sophistry of such kind of reasoning may be easily detected; and the inconclusiveness of such logic, might be easily shown were it necessary. But allowing the hypothesis, what can be said of the angelic message under consideration? This is so sim-

ple and unambiguous that all the prevarication, sophistry, ingenuity, and tact of the world, cannot fritter away the force of the declaration.—An assurance is given—a certainty is expressed, that the Son of God shall save his people from their sins, and who shall annul or make it void?

'Ah!' says the artful theologian, 'we are no way disposed to evade the force of the declaration, or deny the sentiment therein expressed. We believe that Jesus shall surely save *his* people from their sins—all that are *his*, will certainly smile in immortal youth and bloom in fadeless glory; but this by no means argues, that he will save those who are not *his*—and as none are *his*, that have not his spirit, it is evident that while he shall save *his* people, it does not necessarily follow, that he shall save the unbeliever, the blasphemer, and every evil doer.'

Now we are willing to grant, that because he shall save *his* people, it by means follows, that he will save those that are not *his*. And this leads us to institute the inquiry who are the people of Christ? The argument here adduced supposes, that none are Christ's save the righteous, the believing, the saints of God; and recognizes the sentiment that such are heirs of salvation—and such only have the assurance of an inheritance among the just made perfect in heaven.

What is true in one sense, may be false in another. A child may be an heir to an estate left by legacy, to be enjoyed at some future time; in which case the *right* of property is vested in him by *Will*, but not by *Possession*, and it might be said of him, that he has great wealth, but possesses nothing—that he is destitute of every thing, yet is immensely rich, (i. e.) poor in possession, but rich in inheritance. In one sense, God may be the Father of men, in another, satan may be their father. One, in creation, and the other, in character. So in one sense, mankind may be Christ's; in another, they may be none of his. They may be *his* by right of inheritance or purchase, and not be *his* by the spirit of discipleship. In relation to the former, they may be *his* irrespective of character—in relation to the latter; if they have not the spirit of his religion, they are none of his. Now in what sense are we to pursue the subject of our inquiry in order to ascertain, whom Jesus Christ will eventually save? Shall we undertake to ascertain who are the disciples of Christ in order to learn who are *his* people, whom he will save? So it is maintained.

It is strange how far prejudice, in favor of some darling tenet, will serve to warp the judgment, and determine the conviction of the understanding in every thing pertaining thereto. It can but be readily perceived by every unbiased mind, that the sentiment above named must have had its origin in a warm attachment to preconceived notions, concerning the nature of the divine administration, and the character of the covenant of grace. Were it not for the impressions received, that *salvation* implies a deliverance from eternal torture and the jaws of fell despair, and that the true and faithful votaries of the cross of Christ—the devout saints of God were the only subjects of this deliverance, the idea that the phrase '*his people*,' mentioned in the angelic annunciation, is to be limited to his elect disciples, would never have entered the brain of man. And here is to be

found the foundation of the mistake. A *mis-take* did I say? Certainly! For one more palpable never occurred. Observe, the declaration is, 'he shall save *his people* from *their sins*.' Now if he is to save his people from *their sins*, then it follows, that *his people* are sinners. And if the mind were not absorbed in the thought of an emancipation from the pains of hell's molten sea, this fact would not have been overlooked.

Again it is said of Jesus, that he came to seek and save that which was lost—that he came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance—that he came not to condemn the world, but to *save the world*. And if *his people* are the subjects of salvation, who are *his people*?

As the disciples of Christ are already saved by faith—a salvation that constitutes them *his* in character, conduct, and profession, the unbelieving sinner is recognized in the language of the text we are noticing as *his* and as being the subject of salvation. We will extend the investigation of the subject of inquiry, who are Christ's people? notwithstanding sufficient has already been said, to carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind, because, on this pivot the whole conclusion of this important subject concerning a world's salvation is to turn. Paul says, 'Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price;' 1 Cor. xvii, 20, and that 'the church of God has been purchased by the blood of Christ.' Acts xx, 28. Now who has been purchased by the precious blood of Christ?—For whom has this great price been paid? Ans. 'He tasted death for every man. He gave himself a ransom for all: He gave his flesh for the life of the world.' All the human family are therefore the purchased possession of Christ, and by right of said purchase, are *his*. The Almighty says in the second Psalm that he will give to his Son, the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. And Jesus asserts that the Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hands—that the Father gave him power over all things, in heaven and in earth—that all that the Father had, were his—and that God gave him power over all flesh. Who then are Christ's? Who does not see that he is the heir of the world; and that all mankind are *his people*? Who then shall be saved? 'He shall save *his people* from their sins.'

In accordance with this declaration of the heavenly Messenger, Jesus entered the labors of his mediatorial office in the character of a Reformer; and strove for the renovation of the world and the salvation of his people from their sins. He devoted his life to the regeneration of mankind and the amelioration of their moral condition. To this end he instructed the ignorant, enlightened the benighted, blessed the indigent, reformed the vicious, reclaimed the wayward, converted the unbeliever, and induced the rebellious and irreligious to become reconciled unto God. And we have the joyous prospect before us, of his reigning until he hath put all enemies under his feet—finished sin, brought in everlasting righteousness, and obtained the crown of universal dominion. Enraptured with this delightful anticipation, we look forward with ecstatic joy to the happy period when Jesus shall have subdued all things to himself, and shall resign the kingdom of his government to God the Father who gave it, and as he himself shall become subject unto Him who did put all things under him, that God might be *all* in *all*, ever more exclaim, as on Calvary's Cross, '*it is finished!* IT IS FINISHED!—Inquirer & Anchor.

#### "THE COMMON PEOPLE."

The Christian religion is a religion for the "common people"—as they are called—that is, for the great body of the honest, industrious class of community, in opposition to the aristocrats of

every age and nation. When Jesus was upon the earth, with whom did he associate the most, and who were they that waited favorably upon his ministry? Answer; the common people—those whom the Pharisees called "the rabble"—publicans and sinners. These were the men whom he honored by his presence and attention; and *this fact* was deemed a sufficient reason by the rulers and governors why his cause must be a mean and ignoble one, undeserving respect, favor or patronage. "Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him?" said they. No, indeed. The chief men in state and in church—those who occupied the highest posts of influence in civil and religious matters, had no fellowship for Jesus Christ. And why not? Because he was a mere Galilean—and the son of a carpenter. Moreover, his chosen apostles were mere "working men," tent makers, fishermen, &c. He and they were no better than the common people—the *am ha-arets*, people of the earth, or world's people, who were "cursed"—having no knowledge of the law, no religion and no grounds of hope for eternal life. Nor was this fact the only reason why Christianity was opposed by the aristocracy of that age. Jesus taught a doctrine which was strictly republican in its tendencies—a doctrine which would make *merit* the only ground of distinctions in Society,—a doctrine which allowed no one to claim the authority of a master over mankind, but which taught that all were brethren, on a level, and that he who would be greatest, must become the *servant* of his brethren. He taught a universal salvation which levelled at once those distinctions which pride had reared, whereby the men of extraordinary sanctity flattered themselves that heaven would prove an *exclusive* bliss, and that they alone should be honored by a reception into the heavenly mansions of almighty God. His was a humbling, an equalizing doctrine, which brought all to a level, and which would allow no one to flatter himself with a hope at the expense of others. No wonder then the aristocratic limitarians of our Savior's day, should have set their faces against him and his doctrines. They have done so ever since.—True, in *this* age and country, since christianity has made its way as it has in the world, they have ventured to put on the *professions* of attachment to his cause, and now claim, as did the Pharisees of old, to be the truly orthodox church—the real patterns and exemplars of truth and piety. But in accommodating christianity to their aristocratic tastes, they have "changed the truth of God into a lie," and taken from and added to the real doctrines of Christ, till they have got religion back again to what it was with the Pharisees of old. Modern auto-dox is Phariseism, under the christian name. And these autodox Pharisees are now precisely as much opposed to Universalism, and have as perfect a contempt for its friends, as being the "common people," "the rabble," as the autodox pharisees eighteen hundred years ago had for Jesus Christ and the receivers of his religion.

In those days the *grand* argument which was to hinder people from hearing Jesus preach, accrediting his mission, or believing his doctrine, was that none of the "rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him"—none of the respectable people—those high in office, or influential in the church—approved or countenanced his cause. The followers of Christ were the poor common people—men entitled to no respect, and men of no religion. It was ignoble to follow with such persons. This was a *convincing argument*, which had its effect. Some, indeed, like Nicodemus, secretly believed that what he taught was true; but if they heard him at all, they must steal away in the darkness of the night, secretly; and afterwards maintain a perfect silence as to their convictions of the truth of his doc-

trines. They dared not confess him for fear of the Pharisees.

And is not this precisely the *argument* which the pharisees of the present day employ to prevent people from believing or *confessing* Universalism? Precisely. Why, say they, will you demean yourself so much as to make common cause with Universalists—the mere common people—the rabble? Such a connexion would be in the highest degree disreputable. Profess and support auto-dox, and you will rank in "good society;" but if you show favor to Universalism, you will forfeit your caste, and lose your standing as one of the aristocracy. Doubtless aristocracy is at the bottom of their religion. And why should the common people be thus degraded and despised? Is it necessary, in order for a man to obtain a good reputation for talents, virtue, wisdom and religion, that he declare war with the fore-plane, broad axe, plough and shovel, and put on ruffled shirts, soft raiments, and dash to church in a barouche drawn by his span of dapple greys? And what is there of *peculiar* talent, wisdom or religion in fine linen, and the prancing of steeds? Oh! for the revival of good old fashioned christianity—when every thing shall go by *merit* and not by *display*. When men shall be honored for what they really are,—rather than for what they contrive to *appear to be*; when it shall be deemed a greater merit to do *service* for the good of society, than to avoid service to live in pomp and parade upon the industry of others.

As for the common people, every body ought to know that these are the real supporters of all that is good in government or in religion. There never was a reformation commenced or accomplished, which did not come from this source. The priests and rulers were often opposed to reform. They never blest the people with any great discoveries or improvements. On the contrary, they have always been behind the people, and never consented to do any thing for the civil or religious freedom of mankind, till pushed to fall in with the current which the common people had succeeded in setting in motion. We regard the common people as the highest class in Society. Sooner, much sooner, would we take off our hat to one of them, than to one of your indolent, dandy pietists, who dashes to the conference room in his silks and satins, secretly congratulating himself that he is better than other men, and in his heart despising humility as a virtue, which, by *mistake* has been laid down as one of the graces it is the duty of christians to cultivate.—*Maine Christian Intelligencer*.

#### VICTORY OVER DEATH.

He will swallow up death in victory.

Isa. xxv, 8.

This is the motto of the gospel. It is a declaration of the great work which the Prince of Peace has undertaken to perform, and which he will perform, agreeably to the will of God, fully and absolutely. And why should he not perform it? Is there any power able to withstand him? Is not "all power in heaven and earth" committed to him? and is it not expressly said that he "is able to subdue all things unto himself?" The declaration at the head of this article is not hypothetical, it is positive and unqualified. "He WILL swallow up death in victory."

This has reference to death in all its forms.—We do not mean "death temporal, spiritual and eternal," for we do not read in any part of the Scriptures of "eternal death." We mean death in every form in which it is spoken of in the scriptures. This is evident from the parallel passage in Rev. xx, 4. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH, neither sorrow, no crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Here we see that not only natural death is intended, but death in eve-

ry sense; for otherwise, sorrow, and crying, and pain would continue. If after natural death is destroyed by the resurrection, *moral or mental* death should continue forever, it could not be said that sorrow, crying, and pain had ceased, neither could it be said, there is no more death. Again, "eternal life" is to be possessed by all men. It is the free gift of God; and the "free gift came upon all men *unto justification of life*." Now, when "eternal life," is possessed by every soul, death of every kind, death in every form and character, will be annulled and destroyed—it will be "swallowed up in victory"—"there shall be no more death."

This then is the prospect which the christian of a perfect faith sees before him, not with the eye of imagination, but with that of expectation and hope. He sympathizes deeply with the feeling that dictated the following extract of a letter to the celebrated Dr. Doddridge, by one of his friends; a letter which it is said, gave the Dr. extatic pleasure. "Yes, Doddridge, it is so. The fruit of our Redeemer's sufferings and victory, is the entire and eternal destruction of sin and death. And is it not a glorious destruction? a most blessed ruin? No enemy so formidable, no tyranny so bitter, no fetters so heavy and galling, no prison so dark and dismal, but they are vanquished and disarmed; the unerring dart is blunted and broken, the prison pulled down and razed. Our Lord is risen, as the first fruits of them that slept." Amen, amen.

"No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,  
From ev'ry face, he wipes off ev'ry tear:  
In adamant chains shall death be bound,  
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound."

*Trumpet and Magazine.*

#### SCRIPTURE EXPLANATION.

Malachi says, "the day is coming that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch."

Who are 'the proud?' Those persons who esteem themselves better than others, elevated, or exalted above them.

Who 'do wickedly?' All such as transgress the laws of God. 'All have sinned,' saith the scriptures. None are free from sin.

'Shall burn them up.' Who? 'All the proud yea, and all that do wickedly,' which can mean no less than all men, for 'all have sinned.' But shall all men suffer forever? No, for they shall be *burned up*—not forever burning, yet never burned. If this refers to the final future condition of mankind, it proves annihilation—the destruction of all men. But that it does not, is evident from the fact that in eternity time cannot be reckoned. Again the same burning here spoken of is said in the New Testament to take place in this world as Malachi had prophesied. John says of Jesus he shall baptize his disciples *with fire*. The writer to the Hebrews says 'our God is a *consuming fire*.' Paul to the Corinthians says: 'Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.'

Here the process of this burning is explained. Here the hay, wood, and stubble of *pride* and *wickedness* are to be 'burned up,' and, of course, the characters of the 'proud and those that do wickedly' will be destroyed—annihilated. But the gold, silver, and precious stone will remain purified and enriched by being separated from the alloy which was mingled with it in its base or unpurified state.

So Malachi would explain his own meaning.

(Chap. iii, 2, 3.) Prophesying of Jesus and the effects to be produced in the gospel day, he says, 'he is like a refiner's fire and a fuller's soap.—What is the effect of the refiner's fire? Is it to *destroy the silver*? or to render it more pure and valuable? Is it the nature of the 'fuller's soap' to destroy and render worthless? to keep filthy forever? or to cleanse and beautify? So with 'the proud and those that do wickedly.' They are the materials, on whom the purifying power of the gospel—the religion of Jesus, is to operate till it shall cleanse, purify and sanctify all the affections of the soul. When this power of pure religion has exerted its influence, then 'wickedness and pride,' shall be burned up, and God will verify his promise and 'remember their sins and iniquities no more.' The works of the wicked shall be burned up, and he suffer the loss of them; but *he himself shall be saved yet so as by fire*. 1 Cor. iii, 13, 15.

This passage then, so far from proving the *endless burning* of the wicked, proves in connexion with other passages, that pride and wickedness shall be *burned up*, and mankind become the righteous, willing and obedient subjects of God's moral government—a glorious consummation for which all the good and virtuous pray, and which shall be effected in the gospel day, ere the Messiah shall give up the kingdom to the Father that he may be *ALL AND IN ALL*.—*Impartialist*.

#### STRIKING CONTRAST.

Jesus said to his disciples, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." How different the conduct of many professed preachers of the Gospel at the present day! Instead of leaving *peace* with their followers, they leave distress and despondency, not unfrequently terminating in absolute despair and insanity. Instead of saying, "let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," the great object of many seems to be to *trouble* people with the horridness of their doctrines, and make them *afraid* of the very best Friend they ever had.

There are some who contend that it is *necessary* to frighten people and make them *afraid* at first, till they get *converted*, and then it will answer to take away the fears that have operated to drive them into the profession of religion. But if this be correct, why did not Jesus adopt a similar method when he was on earth winning souls to God, and making converts to his divine principles? Look at the calling of the twelve apostles from their secular pursuits to the profession and ministry of the Gospel. Were any of them *frightened* into it? or was there any thing in the preaching they heard, or the calls they received calculated to terrify them into compliance? If there had been, is it probable they would as readily and cheerfully have abandoned their secular pursuits and yielded to the calls they received? The mild voice of mercy and heavenly kindness greeted them—it penetrated their hearts, won their affections and their confidence and they could not resist the impulse that urged them to comply.

It is true that in his public ministry Jesus preached—and so should every one who preaches his Gospel, declare the same—that sin must and will be punished—that iniquity of every kind will, sooner or later, meet its just recompense of reward. But his great aim was to convince men that God loved them, and to induce obedience to his requirements through filial affection—through a realizing sense of the Divine goodness—and thereby induce people to loathe sin as a most distressing moral disease, displeasing to God their Father and best Friend, and inimical to their own happiness, instead of frightening them through a fear of his vindictive and endless wrath. Thus, too, should

his ministers preach now, (as did the primitive apostles,) and urge mankind to let the "goodness of God lead them to repentance" and to "love him *because* he first loved us."

The true minister of Christ may be known by the mildness, and gentleness, and peace-giving nature of his message: and the minister of wrath may be known by the opposite character of his communications. The one is the messenger of peace and love, the other of terror and wrath.—*Magazine and Advocate*.

#### CANDID.

While the prevailing (*religious*) sects of the day, are combined against the doctrine of the *impartial grace of God*, it is pleasure to acknowledge and commend the candid, charitable and christian like course pursued by Mr. Beach of the Methodist denomination. He is a circuit preacher, and I believe preaches in Danbury, in this state, once in each month. I have been informed that, at the close of a protracted meeting, held by the Presbyterians in that village, the pastor requested the Baptist and Methodist clergymen, to hold union meetings with him to put down Universalism; to which Mr. Beach replied—"The Universalists have as good right to hold meetings as we have, and if *Universalism is the truth of God*, it will stand, and we cannot destroy it. If it is not, it will come down itself, and I will not join you."

It is pleasing to notice the commendable course, pursued by this gentleman, in thus answering a man, who would monopolize all religious privileges of the day—who cleaves to those creeds which have involved christendom in darkness and blood, ever since they were invented by the murderer of Servetus. Well may we expect, that such men as this, actuated by the spirit of proscription manifested by him, with John Calvin's creed for a guide, will drive many a sheep of God from the fold; and with *fire and brimstone*, scatter them on the barren rocks of infidelity.

It has been said to some who have belonged to modern orthodox societies, and have come to the knowledge of the truth, and afterwards, with the mouth, confessed unto salvation, that, if they would conceal their belief, in an impartial God, they could remain in fellowship. But having too much sense, and moral honesty to profess to believe what they do not—what they consider opposed to the welfare of mankind, and dishonoring to God, they have received the execrations of those who had formerly been their spiritual advisers—who having imbibed, unreasonable and wicked dogmas, now hurl their anathemas against all who believe that Jesus Christ is the *Savior of all men*—and by their unhallowed doctrines, drive thousands to reject the authenticity of the holy scriptures. With a due degree of charity for them, we might ask the important question, whether they have not caused more to question the truth of the inspired writings, than have all the open opposers of them. My brethren, think of these things, and if the Lord be God, follow him. With regard to Br. Beach, it is the earnest wish of the writer, that he may soon be convinced of the truth, *as it is in Jesus*, and advocate it fearlessly, believing it will stand and finally triumph over all who league together to oppose it.—*Inquirer and Anchor*.

#### New Association.

A new Association will be held and organized at Sheshequin, Bradford co. Pa. on the first Wednesday and Thursday in October next.

#### South Carolina Convention.

The South Carolina Convention of Universalists will meet near Gen. J. B. Earl's, Anderson District, on Friday, 17th Oct. next.

The "Young Men's Universalist Institute" meet every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in a hall situated at the N. E. corner of the first alley in 8th street, below Walnut, Philadelphia. Entrance from the alley.

## THE FUNERAL.

How evanescent is man's existence! How brief the period during which he is permitted to display himself in the theatre of life. He is launched upon the ocean of time, floats awhile upon its agitated surface, excites envy by success, disgust by pride, hatred by malevolence and cruelty, fear by oppression and tyranny, pity by imbecility and weakness, contempt by sordid avarice; or kept in perpetual obscurity by virtues, which the world can neither admire nor appreciate; then sinks beneath its troubled waves, to moulder and be forgotten. The tolling bell sounds a mournful peal, admonishing the vain-glorious world, that another of its admiring offspring has vanished from the busy scenes of mortal existence. The sound perhaps arrests for a moment the thoughtless, careless, plodding creatures of earth, and elicits the anxious inquiry, for whom it tunes the mournful note. The answer is often received without emotion, and forgotten with indifference.

Friends and relatives are assembled—the last melancholy service is performed with awful solemnity—the funeral dirge is chanted in soul moving strains—the tears of virtuous affection bedew his lifeless remains—the coffin is placed upon the bier, that last vehicle in which man is permitted to journey—in solemn grandeur it moves onward towards “the city of the dead,” followed by the heart-broken objects of bereavement. The sounding cords grate harshly upon the ear, as they are cautiously drawn from beneath the coffin, as the victim of death is deposited in his lowly dormitory, and the earth closes over the clay-cold relics of mortality. The votaries of pleasure continue their fruitless pursuit after the phantoms of folly—the care-worn disciples of avarice, study as assiduously to augment their overflowing coffers; hope dances as merrily before the excited imagination of the hopeful; power arrays herself in as many and as alluring charms, to excite the obsequious ambition of the office-seeking aspirant, as though no chasm had been rent in human society.—Those who were mere blanks in the charter of life, are perhaps deserving of no better fate; and those whose names would be remembered only with perpetual execration, ought to esteem it an unmerited favor, thus fortunately to be erased from the memory of injured innocence. But on the contrary, there are occasionally those, dropping from the stage of existence, who, though their names were never blazoned upon the banners of fame, ought not to sink beneath the turbid waves of forgetfulness. Their spotless lives and shining examples, instead of being remembered for a little season within the circle of their immediate associates, and the objects of their benefaction, ought to be held up to the admiration of the world, and indelibly recorded for the imitation of coming generations. Such is the spirit of the following narrative.

It was in the early part of Spring, ere nature had begun to resume those charms which the ravages of autumn had effaced; that season in which consumption is fearfully victorious in her ravages upon the human constitution, that I took up my residence for a few days in a New England village.

On a Sabbath day I mingled with the villagers as they directed their steps towards one of the most splendid mansions in the neighborhood, whither they were repairing to bear the last solemn testimonials of respect to one of their most opulent citizens.

The house though spacious was filled to overflowing, and an immense concourse had already assembled in front of the dwelling. All distinction between the rich and poor seemed for the time obliterated, and each claimed his equal privilege, to drop the tear of sympathizing gratitude over the remains of the deceased; a circumstance, at which I was greatly amazed un-

til I learned the cause; since the wealthy, by their pride and oppression, so often render themselves objects of abhorrence to the victims of poverty.

An unusual sadness brooded over the scene. The buoyant spirit of youth was hushed, or vented only in suppressed emotions and even the calculating devotees of fortune, seemed less elated than usual, as in suppressed tones they related to each other, their contemplated schemes of speculation.

Immediately the windows were thrown up, enabling those without to profit by the religious services of the occasion. The man of God arose, evidently impressed with a consciousness of his inability to do justice to the memory of the departed. Fortunately it was one of those rare occasions, on which eloquence is not required to move the auditors. A general approach to the half raised windows, was succeeded by a breathless silence, interrupted only by the fleeting wind sighing mournfully through the leafless elms, blending its wild strains with the impressive tones of the speaker, and contributing to strengthen the air of pensive melancholy which characterized the scene of bereavement. A few sentiments of heartfelt consolation being addressed to the disconsolate mourners, “the last deep prayer was said,” and a general movement within, gave evidence that the assembly was about dispersing.

The usual formalities being observed in surveying for the last time, the pallid features of the deceased, the lifeless wreck of mortal existence was borne upon the slow-moving carriage of death, to take quiet possession of its last undisputed inheritance.

I could not but feel interested to learn something concerning the history of one, whose decease seemed to be so universally lamented; and, on inquiry, I gathered the following particulars from one who had been intimately associated with him in life.

Read, ye, who glory in wealth, and receive instruction from the example of one, who learned to estimate its true value.

In early life the deceased had commenced the mercantile business, under circumstances the most auspicious, in the commercial metropolis of New England. His ardent and unremitting efforts, prompted by youthful ambition being crowned with unusual success, he found himself in possession of a princely fortune, ere he had attained the prime of manhood. To say that he was not elated by prosperity, would be pronouncing him destitute of one of the most distinguishing traits of our nature. According to his own confession, he was at first too much inclined to estimate his importance in society by the amount of his acquired possessions. Yet he was never guilty of manifesting that haughty arrogance which too often characterizes those whom opulence and splendor have raised to an imaginary and precarious elevation. He was always courteous, kind and affable; but pride, that relentless tyrant of the soul, which, if permitted to reign, suppresses every benevolent emotion, soon lost entirely its baneful influence over his generous nature.

His constitution had long baffled the fatal ravages of a wasting disease, but to all appearance must soon yield the palm of victory to its uncompromising antagonist. As his health decayed, the false glory of the world gradually diminished; and now, as it were reposing upon the brink of the grave, its charms were entirely bereft of their captivating influence. He saw what, it seems almost impossible to discover through the medium of health and prosperity, that riches are no further serviceable, than as they tend to alleviate the miseries of mankind.

The religion of Jesus now dawned upon his mind, in all its vivid reality. Not in a distorted, sectarian form—not as exhibited by a blind ad-

herence, to the fallible dogmas of this or that contending party; but on its broadest basis, in its pure and heavenly light. Religion appeared lovely to him, because he saw her opening the hand of bounty, to satisfy the hunger of the famishing, to clothe the nakedness of the out-cast, and to soothe the wasting victims of disease. Because he saw her enlightening the benighted mind—reclaiming the unfortunate aliens of guilt—prostrating the arbitrary distinctions of human society, and converting the vast family of man into one universal brotherhood. Because he saw her directing men to God as a compassionate, and everlasting Father—assuring them that this life is but the pilgrimage to a better country—to a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens; and finally because he saw her proffering pardon to the guilty soul, through the mediation of Jesus Christ.

Contemplating her in this cheering aspect, he deeply lamented that he had not more fully complied with her holy requisitions; and firmly resolved, if permitted to recover, to evince the sincerity of his penitence, by imitating the example of his divine Master.

He did recover and was permitted again to enjoy a comfortable degree of health. His resolution was put to the test; and never was one more faithfully fulfilled. Many a dark scene of poverty and distress, was illuminated, by the gentle rays of his unostentatious benevolence.

He ever after regarded his fortune as granted him by infinite Wisdom, only to alleviate the misfortunes of those around him. And to this end, while health permitted, he studiously endeavored to employ it. But consumption would not long release her victim. Returning ill health induced him to retire to the country as a last resort, to protract an existence, evidently fast drawing to a close. It had the desired effect. The salubrious atmosphere of the country infused new vigor into his emaciated constitution, and prolonged for a while his stay on earth. Here also he sought out the objects of charity, and assiduously administered to their various wants. Did disease visit the abodes of poverty, and prostrate their inmates upon beds of sickness, his motto was—“Let no expense be spared, to render them comfortable.” Thus he employed his time and substance, until confined to his chamber in the last stages of disease. His remaining efforts to render himself serviceable to his fellow creatures were manifested by imparting wholesome instructions to those, who from time to time visited him, or watched by his bedside. Religion was the theme on which he delighted to dwell. As he receded from earth his faith in the Redeemer continued to strengthen, and the hopes of being admitted to the blissful inheritance he had purchased with his blood, became more vivid and animating, until, like Paul, he “longed to depart and be with Christ.” His desire was soon gratified. One morning his family and friends were assembled to witness the last struggle of expiring nature. He was already bereft of the power of speech, but his intelligence was unimpaired. Extending his hands to one on either side, and regarding them successively with an expression of heavenly benignity, then gazing intently upon the orb of day, as he emerged above the horizon, his soul departed from the scenes of earth to bask forever in the rays of the sun of righteousness.

Such is the “unvarnished tale” of one whose simple history is his best eulogy. I was no longer surprized at the exhibition of sorrow I had witnessed at his funeral. Mortals may well lament when an angel of mercy is summoned from their society.—*Independent Messenger.*

## SMALL ERRORS.

If we commit small faults without scruple today, we shall commit great ones without hesitation to-morrow.

## MESSENGER &amp; UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1834.

## A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

We have now before us an Old Volume, the title page of which is lost. It seems to have been in three parts, which are respectively called PRIMA, MEDIA, and ULTIMA. The last is carried out in the following manner—"ULTIMA; the Last Things, in reference to the First and Middle things, or certain meditations on Life, Death, Judgment, Hell, Right Purgatory, and Heaven." The work is "by Isaac Ambrose, Minister of the Gospel at PRESTON, in Amounderness." Printed at Glasgow, 1737.

We propose publishing a few extracts from this singular work. Mr. Ambrose had clear conceptions of Hell, and has described it in a masterly manner. The first quotation we make is from a discourse headed *Dooms-day*.

"But whither must they go? *into everlasting fire*: O what a Bed is this for delicate and dainty Persons? no Feathers but Fire, no Friends but Furies, no Ease but Fetters, no Light but Smoak, no Chimes nor Clock to pass away the Night, but timeless Eternity. A Fire? intolerable, a Fire burning, their never dying? O immortal Pains? *Which of you, saith the Prophet, is able to dwell in the burning fire? who can endure the everlasting flames?* Isa. 33. 14. It shall not be quenched Night nor Day, the Smoak thereof shall go up evermore: *The pile is fire, and much wood, and the breath of the Lord like a river of brimstone kindles it,* Isa. 30. 33. What Torment, what Calamity can be compared with the shadow of this? the wicked must be crowded together like Brick in a fiery Furnace: there is no Servant to fan cold Air on their tormented Parts, not so much as a Chink, where the least Puff of Wind might enter to cool them: *it is a fire, an everlasting fire.*"

After this and much more of a kindred spirit, our author makes his application.

"Use. And is not this worthy your Meditation? Consider, I pray you, what fearful Tremblings seize on their Souls that have their Sentence for eternal Flames? *If a Lord have mercy on thee, Take him away Taylor,* will cause such shedding of Tears, folding of Arms, and wringing of Hands, what will this Sentence do, *Go ye cursed, &c.* O which Way will they turn? or how will they escape the Almighty's Wrath? to go backward is impossible, to go forward is intolerable; whose Help will they crave? God is their Judge, Heaven their Foe, the Saints deride them, Angels hate them, all Creatures cry for Vengeance on them. Good Lord! what a World of Misery hath seized on these miserable Souls? their Executioners are Devils, the Dungeon Hell, the Earth stand open, and the cruel Furnace ready boiling to receive them: Into what a shaking Fit of Distractions will these Terrors drive them? every Part shall bear a Part in this doleful Ditty, *eyes weep, hands wring, breasts beat, hearts ache, voices cry, horror, dread, terror, confusion are lively equipages of this tragic Scene.* Now, O Man of Earth! what will all thy Wealth avail thee? what can all thy Pleasures profit thee? one Drop of Water to cool thy fiery Tongue in Hell, is more worth than a World of Treasures; all the Gold and precious Stones the World affords, will not buy one Bottle of Water; all thy golden Gods, and silver Plates cannot prevail one Dram of Comfort; but rather as they were thy Bane on Earth, so they will aggravate thy Pain in Hell. Who pities not the vilest Creature, to see it suffer torments, and no way to release it? Who then will not pity this End of the Wicked, when they must suffer and suffer, yet never feel Ease of Pain, nor End of Torments? A Sentence not to be revoked, yet unsufferably to be endured; Torment on Torment, Anguish on Anguish, Fire upon Fire, and tho a River, nay a Sea of Tears drop from their Eyes, yet cannot one spark be quenched: *The*

*worm never dies, the fire never goes out,* Mark 9. 44. *Go ye into everlasting fire,* not piled of consuming Wood, or the black Moulds turning to white Ashes, but kindled by the Judge's Breath, of Pitch and Sulphur: Rivers of boiling Brimstone run from everlasting Springs; in these hot Baths was that Dives dived, when those fiery Words came flaming from his Mouth as spitting fire: *Let Lazarus dip the tip of his finger in water to cool my tongue,* Luke 16. 24. Alas! what should a Drop of Water do on a Finger, when Rivers cannot quench the Tip of his Tongue? He lies on a Bed of never dying Flames, where Brimstone is the Fuel, Devils the Kindlers, the Breath of an offended God the Bellows, and Hell the Furnace, where Body and Soul must ever lie and fry in scorching Torments. O let the Heat of these flames quench the Heat of our sin: If once the Sentence pass, there is no Reprieve to be hoped for; this is the last Day of Doom, when our sins must be revealed, our Reward proportioned, and as we have done, so we must be sentenced: *For then he shall reward every man according to his works.*"

This is carrying out the subject imperfectly to its legitimate results. Now what are we to think of the modern mode of preaching the doctrine of endless misery? No one will dare say that Mr. Ambrose is too extravagant in his representations. If the doctrine is true there can be no extravagance; and for ourselves we had rather it should be preached up in something of its native horrors, than softened down as it now is by its professed advocates. But our readers may make their own comments. We go on and next offer an extract from a discourse very justly entitled "HELL'S HORROR." The text is, "Bind them in bundles to burn them." The following will show our author's tact at sermonizing on such subjects.

"See here the miserable Condition of impenitent Souls, each circumstance aggravates their torment; and that ye may in this Text view a Series of the Causes, here is first the Efficient, *Bind*; the material, *them*; the formal, *in bundles*; the final, *burn them*. Every Word like so many Links, makes up this fiery Chain of Torment. *Bind*; heavy Doom to be fettered in Hell-fire! *them*; miserable Souls to be captived in those Bands! *in bundles*; cruel Anguish to be crowded in throng Heaps! *to burn them*; intolerable Heats to be scorched, blistered, burned! And yet see here at once, this heavy, miserable, cruel, intolerable Doom fall on the Wicked: The Command is out, what? *Bind*; whom? *them*; how? *in bundles*; for what? *to burn them*. Not a Word, but it speaks Horror to the Damned, either binding, or bundling, or burning: *Bind them in bundles to burn them.*"

We shall probably make other extracts from this ancient volume, at some future time, that our readers may still farther see how much the present advocates of endless misery are behind their predecessors in portraying the horrors of that doctrine. S.

## EPISTOLARY.

We copy the following friendly epistle, (addressed our Associate, Br. Thomas,) from the Boston Trumpet. It is merely necessary to inform the reader, that Br. Thomas was present at the previous annual session of the Rockingham Association, which will fully explain the allusions to former social enjoyments. P.

To Evangelist A. C. Thomas, of Philadelphia.

Very Dear Brother—You will remember that about a year ago, you made a journey with me to the Rockingham Association of Universalists, in the State of New Hampshire. The recollections of that occasion are probably not yet erased from your mind. The annual session of the same body was holden during the last week. Many inquiries were made concerning you, both by the clergy and laymen; and as you will doubtless be happy to hear of the prosperity of our common cause in that part of the vineyard of Christ, as you will be pleased to participate in the joys which the anniversary of which I have

spoken occasioned, I have thought proper to forward you this epistle.

I left home on Saturday afternoon, and pursued the road to Haverhill, where I found rest for the night in the kind family of my old acquaintance and steadfast friend, Br. Farnsworth. You will naturally feel solicitous to learn a little about Haverhill. Br. F. is now the settled minister in the West Parish in this town. At the village where you preached, the Universalists have only occasional meetings at present. They have made an arrangement with the old parish, of which many of them are members, whereby one half the income of the fund, is to be devoted to the maintenance of the gospel as Universalists understand it, on which condition they have consented to the settlement of a Unitarian clergyman in the old house. I understand they are a majority in the old parish; and in the event of a departure from this agreement on the part of the parish committee, they will take measures of redress.

On Sunday morning I passed over into Kensington, N. H. where I preached on the Sabbath to a very large assembly. In the evening I went down to Lamprey River, in New Market, which place you will remember you visited, where our brethren were then building a stone church. I preached in that church in the evening to a crowded house. There is now a settled clergyman here of our faith, Br. William C. Hanscom, who officiates alternately here and at Exeter. This was my first interview with him to my recollection. He is a judicious, spirited young man, and will be of much service to our cause. Our friends there lose none of the zeal which they had when you were with them.

On Monday morning, in company with Br. Hanscom, I passed into Portsmouth, through Stratham and Greenland. I rejoice to inform you that Universalism has recently been preached in the latter place, by Br. King, I believe for the first time. The society in Portsmouth is very large, and the most perfect harmony prevails among them. Their pastor you know very well is a devoted servant of Jesus. Following your example of the last year, I preached in the evening; and we spent an hour or two after lecture, in company with several of our Portsmouth friends (Brs. Hanscom and J. G. Adams being with us) at the house of Br. Simes, and in the same joyful employment which occupied our attention a year ago.

We started on Tuesday afternoon for the meeting of the Association. Called on Br. Burley of Exeter, at whose house you tarried. His devotion to the cause, and that of all his household, increases. The evening found us in East Kingston, a beautifully secluded spot, to which place the Rockingham Association had adjourned. O how shall I describe to you the raptures of this occasion. It was one of the happiest religious meetings I ever attended; and all we wanted to complete our joy was the presence of certain friends, who we knew were there in spirit, although absent in body. Many of our brethren and sisters from Portsmouth, New Market, Lee, Nottingham, Deerfield, Epping, and all the southern part of the county, were present. All I shall be able to do, will be to give you a cold description of the doings and exercises of the Association. Br. King was elected Moderator, and Br. H. F. Stearns (an ardent convert from the Methodists,) Clerk. On Wednesday forenoon the occasional sermon was delivered by Br. Stearns. In the afternoon there were two services, at the first of which Br. A. L. Balch officiated, and at the second Br. J. G. Adams. In the evening Br. J. P. Atkinson preached. On Thursday there were two services in the forenoon, at the first of which Br. Farnsworth, and at the second Br. King dispensed the word of life. In the afternoon I addressed the assembly. Brs. Elbridge Trull,

W. C. Hanscom and others, took parts in these services. When the services were done, there was a great unwillingness to separate; and it was determined to have a meeting in the evening. This meeting was somewhat of a novel character, but the happiest effects attended it.—I will give you a description of the order of the services. Br. Atkinson read a portion of Scripture. We then sung, "Come let us join our cheerful songs," after which Br. Adams prayed. He was followed by Br. Stearns, who addressed the assembly on the propriety of making our religion a concern of the heart, and showing the superior efficacy of Universalism in producing gratitude and true piety. Br. Jehiel Smith succeeded him on the same subject. The beautiful hymn, "Come thou fount of every blessing," was here sung. Br. King then addressed the throne of grace in an effectual and fervent manner. After this I spoke perhaps twenty minutes on the necessity which had existed that Universalists should pull down the strong holds of error, and every high thing which exalteth itself against the true knowledge of God; but notwithstanding this, they had ever regarded their religion as having a positive character, and had ever felt that they must *build up* as well as *pull down*; that so far as the dreadful errors of the day are overcome and destroyed, it leaves us still greater opportunities for impressing the principles of the gospel upon the hearts of mankind. Immediately the choir chanted the hymn, "Lo what a glorious sight appears," in the old tune Northfield. Br. D. Van Alstine followed on the true method of judging of God's character, and the importance of correct religious instruction. Br. Balch addressed the throne of grace, and after the benediction, the choir commenced volutarily (the whole congregation joining,) "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing." Thus ended the public services of the Rockingham Association at East Kingston. On Friday morning, after a painful parting, we left the place for our several stations. I have the happiness to inform you, that the worthy friend at Nottingham, at whose house we found so sweet a home, has recovered his health, and participated with us in the joys of the late anniversary.

Such, Br. Thomas, are the events of one week. There were many inquiries for you; and several came to the meeting under the expectation of seeing you. They flatter themselves you will be present next year. The cause of Universalism is flourishing in an unprecedented manner among the green hills of New Hampshire. The "Impartialist," at Claremont, and the "Star and Universalist," at Concord, are doing much good. There is no contention here among Universalist editors, as there is in your city between the orthodox editors Drs. Ely and Green. We all go for one thing—viz. Christ and him crucified as revealed in the gospel. May this happy state of things continue.

I flatter myself that I shall see you in September at the General Convention in Albany. If life and health are spared, I shall be there; and hope to meet many whom I have never before seen, from the East, West, North and South. It will be a jubilee in one sense. Several of our brethren from this neighborhood are even at this moment on the point of starting. Do not fail to be present.

Yours in the fellowship of Christ,

THOMAS WHITTEMORE.

To Evangelist Thomas Whittemore, of Boston.

Dear Beloved—Thy very friendly and affectionate epistle was duly received; and I can assure thee that I sincerely rejoice in the information it communicates. The session of the Rockingham Association, to which we journeyed in company a twelve month since, was one of the happiest seasons I ever enjoyed. Truly the Master was among us, and he abundantly blessed us with the spirit of prayer and praise. We sat together in heavenly places in Christ. We rejoiced

with joy unspeakable and full of glory, while contemplating the height and depth, the length and breadth, of the love that passeth knowledge, for our hearts were rooted and grounded in love. That time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, can never be effaced from the book of my remembrance. It is one of the green places in the pathway of my existence, upon which the eye of memory rests with peculiar pleasure.

"O the last ray of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the joy of that meeting shall fade from my heart."

I doubt not that the recent session at Kingston was also a time of unutterable rejoicing. Would that I could have been present. The cords of my heart are ever ready to be attuned in melody to the Lord, when swept by the finger of redeeming love. When I meet with brethren in the faith, and either hear, or speak, or sing of the good things of the kingdom of Immanuel, I feel that I am in heaven. I feel that the glow of rational enthusiasm is kindled in my soul, and that the incense of thanksgiving goes up as an acceptable offering to the Spiritual Father.

I am particularly pleased with thy account of the meeting which thou hast aptly designated as one of "a novel character." It was of the right kind. The consequences must have been as salutary as the exercises themselves must have been pleasurable and happy. The subjects treated of should engage the zealous attention of Universalists.—*Christianity is peculiarly and emphatically a religion of the heart.* It requires of its professors the possession of the spirit of its divine author—the spirit of gratitude and devotion. We need more of this spirit—more of this heavenly grace—more of this celestial fire—more of the indwelling power of God. All Christians, of every name and sect, need more of this inward, spiritual, Gospel light and influence.—Peter speaks of "the hidden man of the heart," and Paul prayed that the believers in the Church at Ephesus, might be strengthened with might by the spirit of God in the inner man, according to the riches of the Divine glory. And surely this is what the believers of our own generation specially need. "God is a Spirit; and they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth." We cannot reasonably expect to receive the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, until we enter fully into its breathing, life-giving spirit of devotion. I am determined, by the grace of God, to use all my feeble powers to bring about this desirable state of things. And I know that many, very many of our brethren feel heartily engaged in the good work. We have long been warring against principalities and powers, and against spiritual wickedness in high places. Our warfare has been successful. But I fear that, in some instances, we have not given sufficient attention to matters of greater importance. In pulling down the massy and black walls of Babylon, we should remember that we are called upon to build up Jerusalem. Zion is to rejoice in her king. The saints are to rejoice and be glad in the prospective deliverance of mankind from the thralldom of sin and error.—Let us then devote much of our attention and strength to the establishment of the truth as it is in Jesus. We want revivals, not of fanaticism, but of true religion—the religion of the heart. The Lord bless us with more energy and zeal, as he has certainly blessed us with the three brilliant jewels of the Christian's crown—*Faith, Hope and Love.*

Our social concert of praise at the house of Br. Simes, in Portsmouth, is not forgotten. Long shall I remember it. I am glad to learn that you have enjoyed another meeting of the same description with the same happy household of faith. These *concerts of praise*, as I choose to call them, are of incalculable service to the glorious cause in which we are engaged. Many hearts are thus mingled into one, and the mystic dove is there with her sanctifying power. There the communion of the Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, is felt; and there is received that strength which nerves the Soldier of the cross to go on his way rejoicing. We want more of these meetings. They are "angels visits"—but alas! they "are few and far between." I have introduced them in many places, and if the recommendation of an humble Evangelist of the grace of God is of any avail, those concerts of praise will be frequently held in every place where two or three believers can be gathered together.

The general information communicated in thy epistle is very gratifying to my feelings. I am thankful that I was not forgotten in the midst of your joy. The brethren in the east are not forgotten by me, either when I minister in the society with which I am connected, or when I lift up my voice in the wilderness. May we ever be thus present in spirit, altho'

in body we are widely separated by the hills and mountains of our favored land. May the Universalists ever be a united and a happy people. May the preachers continue to preach Christ and him crucified; and may the people continue to believe the glad tidings of universal and unchanging love.—May our walk and conversation be ever accordant with the principles of our faith. May converts to righteousness and truth be multiplied as the drops of the morning dew; and the world of mankind speedily be brought to rejoice with us in the testimony of the Father of Mercies. Happy is the people who know the joyful sound. They walk in the light of God's countenance; and thus to walk is heaven.

Affectionately thy brother in the faith and perseverance of the saints.

ABEL C. THOMAS.

#### MISREPRESENTATION.

We cut the following article from the columns of a late number of the *Philadelphian*. It is inserted here for two or three special reasons.

#### UNIVERSALISM.

Not long since I was in a company in which a man of about fifty, a strong believer in the doctrine of universal salvation, was largely descanting on the word "everlasting." He said there was no place in scripture in which this word was used intending to convey the idea of *endless duration*. That it could not mean to convey the idea of *endless duration* in any place in the Bible. He was asked, when used in this connection, *The everlasting God*, the Lord, did it have no reference to an endless existence? He answered, it did, but that was because it was used in connexion with a being whose existence itself was endless. He was asked again, when used in this connection, "That they may receive you into everlasting habitations," did it mean everlasting habitations? Yes, he answered, because our souls are endless. Are they endless in such a sense as God is an endless being? He answered yes. God breathed into man the breath of life. Every man has a part of the life of God in him. I am as endless in my life as God is. Have you always existed? He answered yes. Where were you when the world was made? I don't know. Where were you when Columbus found America? I don't know. Where were you when Independence was proclaimed? He still answered, I don't know.—What sort of existence was it then you had before you were born, was it altogether an unconscious existence? Yes, was his answer. And will that be all the kind of existence you will have when you leave this world. He answered, I expect no other but just such as I had before I was born whatever that was. It was replied to him, that such was a poor expectation, but in the mean time some object at a distant caught his eye and he hurried away abruptly, and never renewed the interview.

I find that predestination, decrees, utter inability in man, and boundless love in God are the prominent articles in the creed of Universalists generally throughout this section of country.

We have a few remarks to make on this singular article. The *first* is, that we believe it to be *false*—false entirely.—We do not believe that "M." ever held such a conversation with such an individual as he represents this Universalist to be. Nor do we believe that the editor of the *Philadelphian* will venture either to vouch for the truth of the facts there asserted, or give the name of his correspondent. The narration relative to the word everlasting shows very clearly that "M." whoever he may be made up the conversation to please himself. The Universalist first denies that it ever in the Scriptures means *endless duration*, and is then made to acknowledge that it does in a great many instances. The writer builds his man of straw for the simple and obvious purpose of discovering the facility with which he can demolish him.

My *second* remark is that according to our writer's own showing his "strong believer in the doctrine of universal salvation," was no Universalist at all. He did not believe in any future state of conscious existence whatever! Now it is unnecessary for us to affirm that such a man is no more a Universalist than Thomas Paine was a New Light Presbyterian. And the writer of the article above *knew* this or

else he deserves pity for his ignorance. But if "M." did not know it, the editor of the *Philadelphian* did. And we envy not his moral sensibilities, who knowing this, can palm off upon his unsuspecting readers, the sentiments of a down right infidel as the opinions of Universalists. Let him settle it with his conscience, and his God.

The third remark we would offer is founded upon the last paragraph of the article under consideration. This is a kind of double-edged sword, with which the pitiable malignity of "M." prompted him to hack indiscriminately at *Universalists* and *Old School Presbyterians*. And this the editor of the *Philadelphian*, himself a Presbyterian by profession at least, would allow his correspondent to do without one word of explanation or reproof! "I find" says "M." "that predestination, decrees, utter inability in man, and boundless love in God, are the prominent articles in the creed of Universalists generally throughout this section of the country." With the exception of "boundless love in God," these are also the "prominent articles in the creed" of *Presbyterians* throughout the United States. To make the story a good one, the writer should have added, that the Rev. Dr. Green and several other leading Presbyterians of the Old School had made a proposition to the Universalists, considering their singular uniformity of faith, to unite the denominations; and the "strong believer in the doctrine of Universalism" with whom he conversed informed him that there was no doubt whatever that the Universalists would accede to it. This would have rounded the article and given a cast of probability to it, which, unfortunately for the writer's credit, it does not now possess. S.

#### DEDICATION AT NEWARK, N. J.

The Universalist Church recently erected in this beautiful and flourishing town, was dedicated to the worship of the one only living and true God, on Sunday morning last. The order of services were as follows:—

1. Voluntary by the Choir.
2. Reading of the Scriptures—Br. J. H. Gihon, jr.
3. Hymn.
4. Introductory Prayer—Br. A. C. Thomas.
5. Hymn.
6. Sermon—Br. A. C. Thomas. John iv, 24. "God is a Spirit: and they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."
7. Dedictory Prayer—Br. B. B. Hallock.
8. Voluntary—"Praise God in His holiness."
9. Benediction.

The weather was delightful; the house crowded in every part; the singing admirable; and the believers happy. And what shall I say more? The blessing of the Lord dwelt richly upon us; and we rejoiced together in the unity of the spirit.

I was delighted to notice the number of young men who were present on this occasion. Many of them evinced a lively interest in the exercises. May they devote the energies of their minds and bodies to the upbuilding of Zion.—May they feel that it is their duty and privilege to remember their Creator now in the days of their youth. May they remember him by believing his word, obeying his moral precepts, and exerting their several abilities to spread abroad a knowledge of love and truth divine.

The ladies and gentlemen of the Choir deserve much credit and many thanks, for the part in the exercises to them assigned. A very few weeks have elapsed since they have organized themselves into a singing circle—yet their performances were no less creditable to them, than they were acceptable and gratifying to the congregation and ministers.

Services were held in the afternoon at 2 o'clock, and at 5—Sermons by Br. B. B. Hallock. The meetings were well attended. In the evening, the house was crowded to overflowing. Sermon by Br. A. C. Thomas.

We say to the friends in Newark—Go on in the good work so auspiciously commenced. Be united heart and hand—be zealous, persevering, and circumspect in all your doings—and the truth will have free course, run and be glorified in the name of the Lord. A. C. T.

#### "CONCERTS OF PRAISE."

The reader will perceive in the Epistle of Br. Thomas to Br. Whittemore, an allusion to "Concerts of Praise." On Monday evening last, one of these meetings was richly enjoyed at the house of the writer of this article. Although Br. Thomas had labored zealously and ardently that evening, for the edification of a crowded audience at the Orchard-st. church, and as might be supposed was well high

exhausted, yet even then "the chords of his heart were attuned in melody to the Lord," being "swept by the finger of that redeeming love" which he had so vividly portrayed, to his attentive hearers, that evening. After the services at the church, Brs. Thomas, Hillyer, and Myers, Brown, of Wommelsdorf, Pa. and six or eight of our city friends accompanied us home, and we have rarely spent an hour or two more joyfully. Brs. Myers and Thomas, with several of the female friends, in truth sung of the "good things of the kingdom of Immanuel;" and we doubt not the whole happy circle felt a "glow of rational enthusiasm," kindling in their bosoms on the occasion. We cannot do otherwise than bid our zealous brother God-speed, in every endeavor to introduce such meetings among our friends. He will meet with few obstacles, if they impart to others the joy we have experienced in them. P.

We readily give place to the following, and cannot but commend it to special attention. We are not a little puzzled sometimes to account for the conduct of our friends in this matter. They would seem to think that Preachers are to come out, full grown, at once! for how often is it heard, "we must have smart men, if any"—"it is no use for any ordinary man to preach here, or preach there—under these circumstances, or under those." Now we are perfectly willing to admit the importance of talents in any, and every preacher—that they should be possessed of sound discriminating minds; but then it is unreasonable to suppose that we can have, in every individual who enters the ministry, what is commonly understood by a "great man." And this, too, at the very moment he enters on the duties of a Minister. The truth is, our present "great men," have once had to make a beginning, and if the principle we speak of, had obtained fully in their cases, where, we would ask, would they have been now? Evidently in obscurity, so far as their present profession is concerned. And so will it be with others, if they are to be kept back till they, too, become "great men." The very way to make these "smart men," that our friends are so anxious for, is to countenance and encourage the young preacher. Strengthen his hands at the beginning. And there are but few who will not amply repay the kindness.

It is not always the most brilliant talents, either, that are the most successful. Many will do more in their private walk and conduct, than others, far more talented, can in their public labors. Let our friends then see to it, that they do not practice injustice towards the more inexperienced, and injure our cause by their very zeal, in this particular, to promote it. P.

#### CITY AND COUNTRY MINISTERS.

The remarks which we give below, we found in a late number of the "Boston Recorder." They are certainly worthy of some attention. There is too much of a disposition in the country, to hear city preachers, and to neglect beginners, who are struggling to make themselves useful in the ministry. What is more discouraging to a young preacher, than to find himself set aside by those who profess to be his best friends, and who send forty or fifty miles for a preacher, and pay him twice as much as would amply satisfy the young man? Societies ought to feel the necessity of encouraging beginners—old preachers do not need it so much. But are we not, as a denomination, lamentably deficient in this particular? We wish to suggest one word to the ministers in populous places. If their labors are sought for in the country, how much good might they do, by exchanging as often as they can conveniently, with the ministers, particularly the young preachers, in the country? In this way they do a double good—for besides the benefit of their labors, they give encouragement to those who greatly need it. We submit these thoughts with deference to the consideration of our brethren.—*Trumpet*.

Mr. Editor,—Is the man that lives in the city, necessarily bigger than the man that lives in the country? Is his mind necessarily more capacious, or his intellect more vigorous? Does the simple fact that a lawyer lives in the city, give him an intellectual superiority over the country lawyer? Or is the city minister necessarily better qualified to preach the everlasting gospel, than the minister in the country? I

suppose these questions will be answered in the negative.

I do not question that eminent professional talent is usually drawn to our great cities by a natural attraction, so that a professional man in a large city may naturally be supposed somewhat above the common level as respects talents; but is there not, after all, a great deal in a name? A lawyer from New-York City! A minister from Boston! There is something awakening in the very sound. Suppose now you write, "A lawyer from Firetown," "A minister from Squam;"—you get my meaning. It is doubtless true, however we account for the fact, that a minister from any of our large cities will gather a great congregation in the country, while a minister from the interior, of equal, or even superior talents, would be able to collect only "the pious few."

Now, might not our city ministers, keeping this fact in mind, greatly increase the amount of their good influence, (I do not say by supplying their own pulpits with the "hangers on" in our cities, and taking occasionally, a sort of missionary tour of two or three weeks, but) by exchanging labors more frequently with ministers in the country, especially, (as being more convenient) with those in the more immediate vicinity of the city? Might not such exchanges prove a benefit not only to the people, but to the ministers respectively in the city and in the country? Would it not do the city minister good to leave occasionally, the green velvet and the crimson damask of his own pulpit, and take his stand behind a rough desk in a country school house, and feed an exiled flock, not with a silver spoon, but with a ladle? Would not such exchanges be a benefit also to the country minister, by increasing his influence with his own people? If they think highly, as is natural, of a minister from the city, would it not raise their opinion of their own minister, to find that he is not beneath the notice of one who fills a more important station?

#### DEATH OF REV. W. I. REESE.

It is with sorrow that we have to record this week the death of Br. W. I. Reese, a zealous and talented Minister of the Reconciliation. He was recently settled in Buffalo, and died in that place on the 6th inst. of Cholera. He fell a victim to his benevolence. From the first appearance of the epidemic, says the Buffalo Whig, he devoted himself almost entirely to the wants of the sick, in watching over whom and administering to whose necessities, his days and nights were spent.

#### BR. McLAURIN'S CIRCUIT.

We have just received a line from Br. M'Laurin. He states that he had written to Collaburgh, informing them of his inability to visit that place, as he had calculated, which letter must have miscarried. Will he forward us a list of his appointments for one entire Circuit, in the order in which they come, immediately. He speaks of adding Columbia, and Chester in Morris co. N. J. and Cuddebackville, Or. co. N. Y. to his Circuit, and we know not whether he intends Sabbath exercises there or merely week evenings. As soon as we receive it we can arrange a standing notice.—We should like it in time for the next number.

Br. Asher Moore requests that all letters and papers designed for him, may for the present be directed to Philadelphia.

#### Religious Notices.

Br. T. J. Sawyer will preach in Poughkeepsie, the 3d Sabbath in September, (to-morrow.)

Br. Asher Moore of Reading Penn. will preach in Norwich, Ct. Thursday evening, Sept. 25th; at New London Ct. Sunday Sept. 28th, and at Westerly R. I. on the 1st Sunday 5th of October. Evening Lectures can be given in the intermediate time. If desired the friends will please make arrangements therefor.

Br. Asher Moore will preach at Newark, N. J. on Sunday 21st inst.

Br. Bulkeley will preach at Annsville, or Peekskill, 1st Sunday; in Milton the 3d Sunday, and in Collaburgh and Sing Sing, the 4th Sunday in each month, for the year ensuing.

**HYMN TO THE CREATOR.**

BY LORD CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM.

"There is a God," all nature cries:  
A thousand tongues proclaim  
His arm almighty, mind all wise,  
And bid each voice in chorus rise  
To magnify His name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire divine,  
Assiduous we adore,  
Rejecting godheads at whose shrine  
Benighted nations blood and wine  
In vain libation pour.

Yon countless worlds in boundless space,  
Myriads of miles each hour  
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,  
As the blue circlet studs, the face  
Of that enamell'd flower.

But Thou too mad'st that flowret gay  
To glitter in the dawn;  
The hand that form'd the lamp of day,  
The blazing comet launched away,  
Painted the velvet lawn.

As falls a sparrow to the ground,  
Obedient to thy will;  
By the same law those globes wheel round,  
Each drawing each, yet all still found  
In one eternal system bound,  
One order to fulfil.

**SUMMER.**

There is a calm, sweet spirit breathing here  
About these summer scenes—of earth and sky.  
The earth is beautiful in her attire  
Of verdant green, and incense-breathing flowers:  
Her mountain summits peering to the stars,  
Her quiet valleys slumbering in the shade—  
Her rivers of pure crystal—and the songs  
With which her groves are vocal, melt away  
Into the music of the rolling spheres.

Is it the attitude and voice of praise  
She lifts to her Creator? On the hills,  
And in the valleys, and among the groves,  
Is nature worshipping, with all her tongues,  
The unseen Spirit of the universe?  
*It must be so.* And ye, far, silent stars,  
Sweet sentinels on the outposts of time,  
Keep ye her vigils? Are ye posted there,  
Her ministering spirits, to bear up  
On wings of light the tribute of her praise,  
And bring down Heaven's rich blessings in return.

Beautiful universe! spread out afar  
Beyond the reach of thought on every side,  
Bearing, where'er the soul would take its flight,  
The impress of His beauty and His power  
Who called you into being, and affixed  
The seal of his own glory on your brow!  
I've gazed upon you till this world became  
A very point—and still, far, far beyond,  
Before the imagination, bright rose  
Creation on creation. \* \* \*

Knickerbocker Magazine.

**BEAUTY AND ASSOCIATION.**

Material beauty owes half its attraction to the charms of association. While we gaze upon the productions of the sculptor or painter, there are many considerations independent of the mere shape and figure, or of the exquisite finish of the productions which enter into our reflections and enhance our pleasure. We are surprised that such could be conceived and executed by man—that they are the work of hands like our own—and we admire the almost incredible skill with which the artist has wrought them, from materials apparently so inadequate to the purpose—the ingenuity by which the marble is made to assume the easy attitude and natural form of life, and the canvass to express with such accuracy the object of the artist's conception. In other words, we associate the author and his instruments with the result which has been produced, and thus our delight and interest is doubly increased.

And why is it in life that we often behold others sighing in admiration over forms and features in which we can discover no peculiar attraction? Why is it that the face which we have passed at first with a careless glance, has afterwards been destined to haunt our dreams, and perchance to steal the sleep from our pillows? It is because there is a charm not contained in the mere "curved lines" of Hogarth, in oval

features and rounded forms, though these may be its representatives. It is that there is an intellectual and moral, as well as material loveliness and that both must be associated in order to produce their fullest effect. A plain countenance becomes fascinating and beautiful when it is combined with a heart and mind which claim our homage, and becomes the speaking vehicle of thoughts and feelings congenial to our own.

In nature, too, the brightest and loveliest scenes are those which wake the sweetest thoughts and are linked with the fondest and noblest associations. The same view which might chain us for hours in speechless admiration in the classic climes of Italy and Greece, might be passed with comparative indifference in the untrodden interior of New-Holland or Madagascar. In the former, not a mountain rears its head unsung, and every hill, plain, and valley are teeming with recollections. Homer or Virgil may have stood upon the very spot where we are standing, and have gazed upon the scene before us, or some proud warrior may have written it with his name, by a deed of lofty heroism. But the latter has no such associations. Thus, too, we look with indescribable pleasure on the placid surface of Leman and Loch Lomond, or on the snow-clad tops of Mount Blanc or Ben Nevis; but were not half that pleasure removed had they never been sung by the muse of a Scott or a Byron, or were they not hallowed by genius, as the bright and fadeless scenes and shrines of romance? And why is it that we gaze with such rapture upon spots which are consecrated by great events—upon Marathon or Plataea, upon Blenheim or Waterloo? Why, when we have passed a thousand similar—a thousand lovelier scenes without a comment of admiration, do we linger over these? It is from the spirit which is stirred up within us. It is that while we gaze, fancy calls up again the events which have occurred there—the splendor and beauty of martial array—the pride, pomp, and circumstances of war, the deed of daring, and the triumph of heroism.

We may have been a traveller—we may have wandered in the climes of sun and song—amid scenes which genius has consigned to immortality—and where nature and art have lavished all their gifts of loveliness. We may have roved in the vales of Cashmere—the gardens of Shiraz—in the wilds of Switzerland, or the walks of the Tuileries. Yet, what of all the scenes which we have looked upon, are those which have left the most indelible impressions? What are the scenes which are shrined in insurpassable beauty in the sanctuary of our hearts, and where fancy and memory oftenest delight to linger and worship? Is it these, when we shut our eyes, in our reveries or dreams, that come up to gladden our musings? Or is it not some bright spot where we dreamed and played and loved in the days of our childhood; the views which enclose the dwelling-place of our infancy? And why is this? They may be tame in other eyes—the stranger might pass them with indifference and contempt—they may not possess a moiety of the loveliness which we have since gazed upon. And yet to us they are more beautiful than aught we have since seen, because earth has naught that can match them in the liveliness or loveliness of their associations. They are beautiful to us, as the theatre of a thousand childish incidents. The sacred registry of unfading memories—of the charms of young love and affection, of young dreams and aspirations. And perchance, too, they are consecrated as the last resting-place of those we have loved, and of those who have loved us, as we ne'er shall love, or be loved again. What a world of exquisite sentiment is there in the dying request of Joseph, and the solemn earnestness with which it was enforced, that his bones might be conveyed to rest in the tomb of his

fathers. Egypt would have lavished all the pomp and splendour of the east on the tomb of Pharaoh's favorite. But in Canaan, perchance, he deemed that even after death, his spirit might still wander amid the lovely scenes of his infancy, and take delight in the thought that the same breeze which fanned the brow of his childhood was sweeping o'er his grave.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

**LIFE--A BOOK.**

We compare life to a book. You may smile at the simile, yet life may be likened to an intensely interesting volume. It is a great, a glorious book; of strange and thrilling incident; of varied and ever varying contents; of joy and love; of hope and despair; of light and shade; of misery—and the grave closes the contents.

There are golden passages in the book of life—and these are the sunny hours of childhood. The mind loves to rove through its flowery meads, and linger amid its fond enchantments. The syren hope sings in its sunlit bowers, and all is light and redolent of bliss. We read with breathless interest—we take no heed of time—and weep when the chapter closes.

Next a tale of love enchants us; and we rove with frenzied interest through the wilder bowers of affection. What hope—what love—what fond desires! Yet its gloomy *finale* shows us, that

"'T is but a false, bewildering fire:  
Too often love's insidious dart  
Feeds the fond soul with sweet desire,  
But wounds the heart!"

Now we turn to the more sober expectations of friendship. The ardent flame of love has been quenched by the damps of disappointment; and the rational hopes of friendship absorb all our interest. But as we read on, we find too soon that the reality is far, very far below our fancied standard; that it is too often but a phantom, which flits away like "the baseless fabric of a vision."

"A sound which follows wealth and fame  
But leaves the wretch to weep."

Then we open upon a new page, and here is manhood's busy story. And for a while we are wholly lost in the cares, the business, and the turmoils of life. But the page soon tires. It is a monotonous tale; and again we turn to the—but we cannot review the book in order: let us turn to the closing chapter.

And there what a sad collection of incidents meet the eye! Sickness—misery—a coffin—a winding-sheet! The deep tones of the death-bell falling heavily on the ear, sound a solemn "FINIS"—and the lids are closed forever!—*New Yorker.*

**New Pamphlets.**

We have just issued from the Press, and now have for sale at the publishing offices of this Paper, 2 Chatham Square, N. Y. and 132 Chesnut-st. Philadelphia, the following Pamphlets, well calculated for distribution, viz. Mistakes concerning Deity a Sermon, by A. C. Thomas, being the one published in No. 32 of the Messenger—25 cts. per dozen.

Important Questions, with Scripture Answers, and the references to the texts, by Miss Lucy Barnes, a new edition, to which are added 22 Important Questions to believers in Endless Misery—25 cts. per dozen.

Proof of Universalism, being the article published under that head in No. 39 of the Messenger, together with the "Universalists Belief and Rule of Life," written by a Clergyman of the Universalist Church, and presented as a reason of the hope within him—published in No. 40 of the Messenger—31 cts. per dozen.

Statement of Facts, in relation to Rev. Dr. Brownlee, and the N. Y. Christian Intelligencer—third edition.

**Hymn Books, &c.**

A new supply of Streeter's Hymns,  
A few copies of Smith on Divine Government,  
Do. do. Paige's Selections.  
Pickering's Lectures in defence of Divine Revelation, as valuable work, by the dozen or single.  
Sunday School Hymns, third edition, (schools can be accommodated with any quantity at the publisher's price.)  
With a variety of other Universalist Books for sale at the Messenger office, No. 2 Chatham-Square, N. Y.